

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No.2

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Wed., Aug.18,'82

All the news that fits we print.

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Lecture: Why We Are Here	H.Wolitzer	Little Theater
10:10	Lecture: Silences, Sighs, Caesuras, Enjambments, Ohs and Ahs	R. Pack	Little Theater
11:20	Lecture: Reality and Performance	S. Elkin	Little Theater
2:00	Lecture: Re-reading	M. Bell	Little Theater
4:20	Readings: From "The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford"	R. Hansen	
	From "Quarry" (poems) and "The Loneliness Factor" (poems)	C. Oles	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: From "A Happy Childhood" (poems)	W. Matthews	Little Theater

SAMPLER

Suddenly the drizzle lifts
its dank voice: a slant
rain and then sleet
sizzles at the windows
like a fury so pure it's
dispersed by recognizing it,
one of those cramps you get
by loving your children wrongly
that only wrong love and all
your fatal habits will see
you through, though you
rant against them:
lordly as the froth
on the lip of the waterfall,
you urge them to carry you
over, and they do.

William Matthews,

Taken At The Flood

THE CRUMB welcomes announcements (such as informal meetings, readings, and social gatherings), rumors (real or imagined), news and gossip. Leave submissions in the well-marked Crumb box outside the main office. Items left in the late afternoon may not appear until a day later.

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR TODAY'S CRUMB

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- 4) Mudwrestlers at Bread Loaf p.246

FACULTY, STAFF ASSOCIATES, FELLOWS AND COUNTRYMEN. Please leave lecture titles and names of work to be read from in THE CRUMB basket.

STARTING LINEUP CHANGES: Douglas Bauer will be starting for Bread Loaf this year in the Time Inc. Fellowship Position. Ira Rosen, slated originally for the position, is on assignment for "60 Minutes," hanging out with crooked judges. Robert Finch has been moved from shortstop to the B. Frank Vogel Fellowship position in Non-Fiction. The William Sloan Fellowship in prose has fled out.

YES VIRGINIA there is a library here. Staff members' books are available but will not be circulated. Joanna Laufer, the dancing Librarian, and Marcia Parlow will cater to a reader's every whim from 9-12 and 2-5, every day but Sunday. Sunday Library hours: 2-4.

OVERHEARD outside main office: "It takes a long time to get here from anywhere."

OVERHEARD in dining room: "The difference between English Graduate School and the Writers' Conference is the number of people who put down their agents as next of kin at the Conference."

GENRE OF THE DAY...FIRST OF A REGULAR SERIES.TODAY: SPY THRILLER EXCERPT FROM "SECRET AGENT"

Ambrose looked both ways, slipped in to the phone booth and dialed quickly. He'd used his last dime. The woman's voice was testy, preoccupied. "It's me," Ambrose whispered. "Did you find out if my book will be published?"

The agent answered, "It's a secret."

"How much do you think I can get for it?"

"You'll never get it out of me."

"Did you find out the size of the print run?"

"I can't talk on the phone or in person."

"How about multiple submissions?"

Ambrose asked. He was broke and desperate. Plus, the call was traceable.

"Please call anytime," the agent said. "I'm consistently available."

FLASH NEWS BULLETIN: The venerable Page Edwards has agreed to read the last chapter of his novel, Breaking Camp, Sunday, 3:10 p.m. in the Little Theater.

PERSONAL COLUMN: "T.O., meet me in the bushes behind tennis courts, at 8:15. L.M." "M.S., meet me in the bushes behind tennis courts, at 9:15. Don't be early. L.M." "R.H. The bushes behind the tennis courts, that's where I'll be. L.M."

BOOZE RUNS: The delirious Tremans (the social branch of the administrative staff) will deliver you from your own deliriums on three occasions. Mark your calendar with a shaky hand: Friday 20 of August, Monday 23 and Wednesday 25. On those days come to the Blue Parlor in the Inn at 1:30. Place your order, pay your money and take yer choice. Then return to the scene of the crime (The Blue Parlor, remember?) immediately following dinner. (Is that how you spell relief?) Please note: Responsibility for any unclaimed bottles will not be accepted by the Treman staff - except in terms of enjoyment of said unclaimed bottles.



CRUMB

Vol. 57, No.3

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thurs., Aug.19, '82

All the Gaus that fit we print

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Lecture: Imagining Our Memories	T. O'Brien	Little Theater
10:10	Lecture: The Marriage of Science and Poetry	L. Pastan	Little Theater
11:20	Guest Lecture: Editing & Publishing	M. Guarneschelli	Little Theater
2:00	Discussion Groups: For Marvin Bell, Barn classroom 3. For Charyn, classroom 4. Elkin, Blue Parlor. Gardner, Little Theater. Godwin, classroom 2. Matthews, classroom 5. Nemerov, Library upstairs. O'Brien, classroom 6. Pack, classroom 1. Pastan, Fritz. Powers, Barn corner. Strand, Treman. Wolitzer, Library downstairs.		
3:10	Guest Lecture: On Agenting	D. Abel	Little Theater
4:20	Readings: From "Who Killed Karen Silkwood" From "Groundrush" From "Prairie City Iowa" & fiction	H. Kohn G. Barron D. Bauer	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: From "George Mills"	S. Elkin	Little Theater

SAMPLER:

"Look here," Ashenden said. "I'm a man and you're a bear," and it was precisely as he had addressed those wives of his hosts and fellow guests who had made overtures to him, exactly as he might put off all those girls whose station in life, inferior to his own, made them ineligible. There was reproof in his declaration, yet also an acknowledgement that he was flattered, and even, to soften his rejection, a touch of gallant regret. He turned as he might have turned in a drawing room or at the landing of a staircase, but the bear roared and Ashenden, terrorized, turned back to face it. If before he had made blunders of grace, now, inspired by his opportunities - close calls arbitrarily exalted or debased men - he corrected them and made a remarkable speech.

From "The Making of Ashenden"
Searches and Seizures

Stanley Elkin

the CRUMB

Vol. 57, No.4

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Fri., Aug 20, '82

All the Gnus that fit we splint.

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Lecture: The Right Tone	G. Godwin	Little Theater
10:10	Guest Lecture: Responsibilities of The Editor	S. Lindberg	Little Theater
11:20	Lecture: The Literary Consultant	R. Powers	Little Theater
2:00	Lecture: The Measure of Poetry	H. Nemerov	Little Theater
3:10	Guest Lecture: The Publisher's Dilemma	D. Godine	Little Theater
4:20	Readings: From "Sitting In Darkness: A Phillipine Odyssey" From "Crossroads"	D. Bain M. Morris	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: Fiction and Poems	M. Strand	Little Theater

SAMPLER

The Prediction

That night the moon drifted over the pond,
turning the water to milk, and under
the boughs of the trees, the blue trees,
a young woman walked, and for an instant

the future came to her:
rain falling on her husband's grave, rain falling
on the lawns of her children, her own mouth
filling with cold air, strangers moving into her house,

a man in her room writing a poem, the moon drifting into it,
a woman strolling under its trees, thinking of death,
thinking of him thinking of her, and the wind rising
and taking the moon and leaving the paper dark.

Mark Strand
from Darker

OVERHEARD at the Tuesday reception:
Q: What are you working on?
A: My porch.

POET ALERT. Interested in participating in an informal reading? Please contact ANN LOLODO, Box 2429, or leave a note at Room 20, The Inn.

SUCCESS STORY. Joyce Renwick first brought her story, "The Dolphin Story," to Bread Loaf in 1977. She worked on it for three years. It sat on the desk of Choice Magazine for two and was finally published in 1981. Joyce's story will appear in BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1982, due out in October. Congratulations.

OVERHEARD in the bus from Middlebury. "I don't care who I room with as long as it's not a poet."

SCHOLARS to meet in the Blue Parlor at 12:30 today to plan readings.

EXTRA EXTRA get 'em while they're hot. Books by Administrative staff members Don Axinn, Elizabeth Mansfield (currently writing a short story about the bushes by the tennis courts) and Bob Reiss are on sale and going fast at your favorite bookstore. P.S. Your favorite bookstore is open 8:30 AM-12:30 PM, 2:00-5:00 (AM or PM, it's a secret which) and 7:30-8:00 PM.

PERSONAL COLUMN: E.J. Que pasa? Expecting you at the hotel (N.H.) Fear, schmear, so take a bus. J.I. / D.P. See you tonight again in the old crib. Wear the baseball hat. I love the hat. C.J.

DON KING, Las Vegas fight promoter, cables interest in Bread Loaf Mud Wrestling bout Blue Argo has refused the mud challenge but agrees to a jello match. Says Morris. "What flavor?"

OVERHEARD at the Barn. "Gee, wouldn't it be great if we could talk like we write?"

KEEP THOSE PERVERSIONS COMING, FOLKS.

POEM OF THE DAY
ON CONTEMPLATING A TAKE OUT PIZZA AT
THE HOME OF ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know
Two pies with sauce and cheese to go
They will not see me parking here
to gorge and to expand and grow.

The counterman did think it queer
To buy the pies but leave the beer
But liquid takes up too much room
And I have nineteen pieces here.

An endless circle so sublime
A pizza's like a favorite rhyme!
The flavor's right, so open wide
So hot at first, it warms with time

And lovers slurping wedges find
Like Drake did on the Golden Hind
That when the pie is cleared away
They're of the same lascivious mind

Eat on! Eat on! the fingers lick
But pepperonis give a kick
Enjoy life while the pizza's hot
Like fortune it is gone so quick
Like fortune it is gone so quick.

FROM CRUMB UPI WIRES...BOSTON
TIM O'BRIEN'S TESTIMONY DURING THE
TRIAL OF ALBERT DESALVO
Lawyer: Think back, Mr. O'Brien. Let your memory serve you. Yes, your memory, not your imagination. The police have testified Mr. DeSalvo drove a blue Chevrolet. Is that the car you remember?"
O'Brien: My memory huh? Actually there was this truck carrying ping pong balls. No, pencils. I mean, pencils fell out of the truck. And it wasn't exactly a truck...

BY POPULAR demand there will be a cocktail party today at 5:00, behind the Little Theater. Clothing required.

OVERHEARD in the dining room.
Q: How are you getting along with your roommate?
A: Very well during our waking hours.

OVERHEARD in diningroom:
"It's easier to write novels than be a novelist."

THE CRUMB

Vol. 57, No.5 BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE Sat., Aug. 21 '82
All the Gnus that sit we splint.

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Lecture: The Cow of Song	J. Charyn	Little Theater
10:10	Lecture: Morality in Fiction	J. Gardner	Little Theater
11:20	Panel Discussion on Investigative Reporting	R. Powers W. Goodman D. Bain H. Kohn	Little Theater
2:00	Discussion Groups		
3:10	Readings: From "The Floating Candles"; From "Uncoupling"	S. Lea I. Sadoff	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: From "The Finishing School"	G. Godwin	Little Theater

SAMPLER

Theodora Blount, their hostess and the undisputed leader of their social set, sailed toward them, her late mother's diamond brooch pinned low on the bosom of her dress. The brooch had looked much bigger when the tiny old lady had worn it, presiding happily from her wing chair over Theodora's former parties. "Here comes my eggnog man," proclaimed Theodora in her rich, assertive alto. To the room at large, she added, "I would never dream of mixing the eggnog without Leonard's supervision." Theodora granted a flushed, high-boned slab of cheek for Nell's kiss. "My, you feel so frosty," she remarked, looking at Nell sharply in order to gauge her mood. Theodora did not reign quite so complacently under Nell's observant and occasionally satiric eye, though she knew the wife of her childhood friend had the good manners not to provoke her openly. "May I borrow him for a while?" Theodora asked Nell. "Azalea already has the cream and the eggs separated into bowls."

From A MOTHER AND TWO DAUGHTERS

Gail Godwin

OVERHEARD in the dining room. "There's no place like this anywhere at all."

"Except at Bellevue."

Bread Loaf BUTTONS not only look good, they double as smoke alarms and hat pins if attacked. Going fast at the store, \$1.25 each, 2 for \$2.00. Order enough of them and you can get the price down to free.

OVERHEARD in the Barn. "I'm splitting up with my husband."

"This is the place to come for encouragement."

WATER GOODMAN, Senior Writer at News-Week Magazine, will sit on today's investigative reporting panel. Goodman, author of The Committee, celebrates his 30th birthday at Bread Loaf this year.

PERVERSION ENTRY #11

The sexual life of a camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
For when his obsessions obsess him
A beeline he makes for the Sphinx.
Cause the Sphinx's exterior orifice
Is under the sand of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

REMEMBER. Mixers, lemons, and limes available at the snack bar.

MINGLE, SWINGLE, and tingle, 9:30 tonight at the big Barn dance. Beer and Rock 'n Roll provided.

LETTER TO the Editor:

"The joke has gone far enough. I have never wrestled in Madison Square Garden in my life except to see the circus, and I refuse to wrestle in jello. Mud, okay. Tapioca, mayonnaise...but let's not get carried away.

M. Morris

ARRIVALS at the Bookstore: Books by Mark Strand and Fellow Mark Harris.

PAGE EDWARDS to read from the last chapter of his novel, "Breaking Camp," Sunday, 3:10 in the Little Theater.

SPORTS OF THE CRUMB

By RON "BRICKHOUSE" POWERS

re: Softball today, 3 P.M.

What many veteran scribes are already tabbing as "the most awesome aggregation of spheroid talent in diamond history" will don Writer's plaids today seeking to extend their dominion over the doughty poets in the annual hallowed Bread Loaf softball classic.

"You gotta go back a long way, to your Weltys, your Benjamin DeMotts, before you find a lineup that could play even with these guys," says ageless veteran Stan "The Man" Elkin, who claims to have been spiked by "Bob" Frost in a long-ago renewal of the annual feud. "Plus you gotta remember," Elkin goes on, "that it's all fixed. Everything's fixed."

Writer manager and flamboyant publisher playboy iconoclast Bob "Robert" Reiss echoes Elkin's view. "The Writers are better than the Poets, at least on paper," Reiss avers.

The writers figure to totally dominate the Poets, say several experts, despite the absence from the lineup of perennial great John "Jack" Irving, now with the Bears.

"We'll miss Johnny's big metaphors and his darkly ironic fatalism," concedes Reiss, "but I got this kid, Jerry Charyn, who's gonna surprise a lot of people. Jerry's got an eye for detail; you can't teach that to a kid. He's got what I call a surreal tough-guy prose. He reminds me a lot of Phil Marlowe. He's gonna be up here a long time."

Reiss remains tight-lipped about who he plans to tap for starting mound duties for the Writers, although the inside word is that he is hoping for a surprise appearance by talented right-hander John Gardner.

"John hasn't toed the slab for us in several seasons," Reiss acknowledges, "but he still has the best fiction curve in the business. Plus, he can hit the long ball and write the long novel."

NO PARKING NOTICE: Please move your cars from the front of the Inn.

OVERHEARD on Inn porch: "Oh, to be young and single again."

"Or, to be old and single again. Either way."

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 6

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sun., Aug. 22, '82

All the splinted Gnus write Lit.

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
2:00	Readings: From "Katie B."	P. Crickenberger	Little Theater
	From "Starring Margaret O'Brien Muldaui"	M. Harris	Little Theater
	From "Breaking Camp"	P. Edwards	Little Theater
3:30	Reading: From "Darlin' Bill"	J. Charyn	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: Poems	H. Nemerov	Little Theater

SAMPLER

BECAUSE YOU ASKED ABOUT
THE LINE BETWEEN PROSE AND POETRY

Sparrows were feeding in a freezing drizzle
That while you watched turned into pieces of snow
Riding a gradient invisible
From silver aslant to random, white, and slow.

There came a moment that you couldn't tell.
And then they clearly flew instead of fell.

Howard Nemerov
Sentences

CEREMONY

At five of this winter morn the hound and I
Go out the kitchen door to piss in the snow,
As we have done in all solemnity
Since he was a pup and would wake me up to go.

We mingle our yellow waters with the white
In a patter of silence under the wheeling skies
Wherein the failing moon lets fall her light
Between Orion and the Pleiades.

From Sentences

POET ALERT: Poets interested in an informal reading should meet in an upstairs classroom of the barn Sunday afternoon, following the 3:30 reading.

BLOODY MARYS for the entire Conference to be poured on the Treman lawn 12:15 today. Special treat later on, a liver slide clinic at the infirmary next door.

OVERHEARD after David Godine's lecture. "God, why did they let him in? If publishers aren't rich what is there left to believe in?"

QUOTE. "Literature is an occupation in which you have to keep proving your talent to people who have none."

CALLING all runners, walkers, thinking about-runners, anti-runners. The third annual Marvin Bell Bread Loaf fun run, minus Marvin Bell, will begin 11AM Sunday in front of the New Annex. Officiated by Brian Gumbel. Length, 3 - 3 1/2 miles. Expensive prizes will be awarded.

OVERHEARD in the Barn. "I don't have the courage to commit large sins, but I commit as many small ones as possible."
"That's okay. They'll add up."

CONFIDENTIAL note to person who left perversion entry #22. Is the third word in your letter "armadillo?"

EXTRA EXTRA...HASHSLINGERS TO WORDSLING! The Dining Room staff will hold readings tonight and also tomorrow (Monday) night in Classroom #2, the Barn. All invited.

EVER since Ron Powers lectured Friday, Vermont weather stations report unusual heavenly turbulence, powerful gusts and bizarre cloud configurations. "Looked like two men on a raft," said one meteorologist. Powers was unavailable for comment. Sources said only he was conferring with an extremely influential visitor.

NOTE. Please make sure to arrive for readings before they begin.

OVERHEARD at the Inn. "I can't just keep drinking alcohol, alcohol, alcohol. I have to drink juice."

CRUMB SUNDAY SCIENCE SECTION
FROM "Rorschach and Freud; A Blot on Europe"

"....but the writers, when subjected to the same conditions, saw something entirely different. Once again, the glass closet. Once again the Viennese insurance salesman, the violin concerto and toga clad horse. But when the hour was up and the writers saw the blot, I became convinced they were hallucinating."

CRUMB readers are invited to submit interpretations.



BAIN OF THE JUNGLE. (Drum noises) boom boom boom boom (add birds) woo woo boom boom (frogs) rivet boom boom woo woo (big cat) roar rivet boom boom. You can see it all at the big slide show this afternoon, Barn room 6. David Bain's epic trek through the Philippines will be brought to vivid life. 4:45 PM

OVERHEARD in the Barn. "It's awfully sedate this year. Is it true someone is going to put up a herpes sign up sheet?"

SANDINISTAS meeting. See John Gardner for details.

OVERHEARD at Treman. "I refuse to send my work to any publication that would publish it."

IRS AGENTS reported at Bread Loaf, looking for Ron Hansen in regard to poker game Friday.

OVERHEARD by rock wall. "My life is falling apart and all everybody wants to do is go kissy kissy in the bushes."

the CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 7

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Mon., Aug. 23, '82

All the Splinted Gnus Have Lint

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATIONS
9:00	Lecture: The Dancing Fool	W. Matthews	Little Theatre
10:10	Guest Lecture: Reviewing Poetry (Poetry Reviewer: <u>Georgia Review</u>) (Note time change)	P. Stitt	Little Theatre
11:20	Lecture: The Plain Style	M. Strand	Little Theatre
2:00	Lecture/Reading: Poets, Bards, & Rat Rhymers, from "The Country Between Us"	T. Des Pres C. Forche	Little Theatre
3:10	Guest Lecture: Agenting	S. Lord	Little Theatre
4:20	Reading: From "Father of Waters" From: The Day We Still Stand Here" From: "Common Ground: A Naturalist's Cape Cod"	B. Howard G. Margolis R. Finch	Little Theatre " " " "
8:15	Reading: The Ice Man Clowneth	R. Powers	Little Theatre

SAMPLER

The rhythm of it was starting, like the stirring strings at the beginning of a symphony; the great quotidian rhythms of the baseball cycle were moving inside him, and he couldn't help it. Forty-two years in the business, Mister Play-by-Play, the coast-to-coast hookups, the World Series assignments (sharing the mike with Barber, with Allen, with Pelham himself, the man who invented it), the pennant call for the Giants in '51, riding Thomson's shot into history on the airwaves, the best table at the Copa, gold with Jimmy Durante, the day he got Ike in the booth to call an inning, "playing himself" in that Martin and Lewis movie, oh God, even the long nightgame years with the second division teams, these Nats in their outlandish uniforms who didn't have a prayer, this perversion of baseball on blue chemical grass, he loved it. Between the white lines the game was still the same; the other sides of the lines, he didn't care to think about too much. The shirting under his armpits and on the small of his back was getting damp. He was leaning against the Lincoln with his weight on his hand. Turtle-short, burly, and bald, the textbook catcher was scowling at him.

Ron Powers
TOOT-TOOT-TOOTSIE, GOOD-BYE

MAKE YOUR CRUMB INTO 3-D GLASSES!

- 1) Hold Crumb in left hand;
- 2) Using right hand fingers, or any sharp object, make two holes in Crumb, approximately 3 inches apart.
- 3) Hold Crumb up to face so that eyes fit into the holes. Voila! Three-D!

YOU'VE participated in the FUN RUN; now health nuts can join the Booze Run too. To get liquor, meet in the Blue Parlor at 1:30 and order bottles which will be delivered at BYOB PARTY at 5:00, Larch Well. With luck, you'll be ready for another Booze run tomorrow.

OVERHEARD at Stone Wall. "Whatever attracted you to him!" "Just free-floating masochism. I'm looking for something to cling to."

WARNING. Please move all parked cars off Route 125. One car was hit on Saturday night. Plus the police will probably be ticketing now. Run. Run for your cars.

BANE OF THE JUNGLE

by D. Bain

The sun disappeared over the mountains. I crouched next to my primitive guides in the jungle glade. It looked like a good place to put up the condos - just far enough from the strip mining operation I'd started before the monsoon halted work. I cracked open a can of San Miguel, drained it in a gulp and tossed it into the bushes. Old Berosa looked up from the pig he was skinning and glowered. "No sweat," I said. "It's biodegradable."

SPORTS MONDAY

In an unprecedented saga of human endurance Gregg Shaffer sprinted his way to shattering victory in the third annual Bread Loaf Run. His time, 20:45 for the almost 4 mile course. Fiction writer George Bowman took second with a 20:55 and Big Blonde Chris Merrill third with 22:09. Tracy Thompson won the women's division in 25:00, followed by Kathleen Crowley, 29:40; and Carol Barash, 31:31/. Stanley Bates kicked his way to 16th. Ron Hansen & Page Edwards finished in a hand-holding tie. Marvin Bell isn't back yet.

G.N.E OF THE DAY---VAMPIRES

Nicki Weiss climbed into the back of the strange black taxicab. "How come you don't have a rearview mirror?" she asked the driver. "And what's that plastic bat hanging from the visor?" The cabbie's accent was Eastern European. Bulgaria or Czechoslovakia, Weiss figured. "An old pet," he said. "I jad a likeness made. As for the mirror, if you want to see behind you, turn around ha ha." Signs in the backseat read, PLEASE, NO GARLIC OR CLERGY IN THIS CAB. The driver grinned wolfishly. "Do not worry about the fare. We'll work somesing out." He turned into Central Park. The name on the dashboard license said... Hackula.

OVERHEARD IN THE BARN. "After they accepted my first poem, my husnband had a T-shirt printed up that said, "Published Poet." I would have worn it but after getting here I'd rather have one that says, Paranoid Poet."

QUOTE OF THE DAY: "never lend out your books. My library consists entirely of books I have borrowed from others." French Writer - 18th Century

INVASION OF THE STYROFOAM SNATCHERS. Please get rid of your coffee cups or glasses before you reach the lecture hall. Also, a Gallup poll of smokers and non smokers indicates preference for smoking outside the hall.

OVERHEARD in the bookstore. "I'll tell you my perversion entry. It's that I like all these books."

OVERHEARD on Inn Porch. "Can you imagine a more beautiful spot to hate?"

CAROLYN FORCHE agrees to do her infamous table top dining room dance this week. Day to be announced.

PERSONALS: Mystery Man, Your mask was great but I don't know how to get the Univ. of Arizona Creative Writing Syllabus back to you. L.M. Lost, pack of bicycle playing cards with little holes in the corners. W.G. J.G. Feed me feed me pet me feed me feed me. BA, Lime flavor is okay for wrestling. I just hated lemon. MM



CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 8

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Tues., Aug. 24, '82

All the blue gnus chews a mint.

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Workshops: M. Bell		Barn 2
	G. Godwin		Barn 1
10:40	Workshops: M. Strand		Barn 2
	T. O'Brien		Barn 1
2:00	Workshops: J. Gardner		Little Theater
	L. Pastan		Barn 2
3:45	Readings: From <u>Almost Famous</u>	D. Small	Little Theater
	From " <u>Memoirs</u> "	J. Barrio	Little Theater
	From <u>Sleep Watch</u> ;		
	<u>The Knife</u>	R. Tillinghast	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: From <u>Waking To My</u>		
	<u>Name</u> & new poems from a		
	cycle of dramatic mono-		
	logues called " <u>Faces In A</u>		
	<u>Single Tree</u> "	R. Pack	Little Theater

SAMPLER

THE MEETING

Her ears and hair are scented by the firs;
Her shadow warps across the moonlit snow.
The story she would tell him is not hers
Although her breath's ghost meets his in their flow.

Still as the ivory face carved on her clasp,
She feels her mother pulsing in her feet.
He sees the house her sorrow cannot grasp
Whose story surges now where two streams meet.

The lichen on the pines absorb the light;
She sucks the moments silence to her bones.
The wind's rasp on the stream prolongs the night
To swirl her story with the clack of stones.

She strikes the frozen clasp against his cheek;
Her mother's image penetrates his skin.
One window in her house inhales to speak;
Her clenched lungs strain to let the past begin.

Inside the house, like wind, two low moans start.
He grabs the clasp and hurls it in the stream.
Her mother stabs her father in the heart.
An owl flaps from the fir, trailing its scream.

Robert Pack
Waking To My Name

OVERHEARD in the middle of the road, 2 A.M., in front of the Inn. "I'm married, I have a husband, I work for the government, and I just can't!"

OVERHEARD at Treman house. "Don't say that. It'll land up in 'Overheard at Treman House.'"

KNOW NEWS! IT'S GOOD NEWS! Daylight expected tomorrow! Franco still dead! Bread Loaf novelists who can and did publish, with or without agents, to spread good word in Barn 1, 5 P.M.

OVERHEARD IN DISCUSSION GROUP. "I write a kind of non-fiction based on fact."

CRUMB QUERIES. Readers have asked whether the famous Carolyn Forché table top dining room dance is the same act which drove Wilbur Mills into Washington's tidal basin. A resounding yes.

IF YOU think it's too early to read the paper, try figuring out word meaning games. Thanks Robert Finch. Example: R/E/A/D/I/N/G/ means "reading between the lines." That was the only one we could figure out at the Crumb. Take a crack at these.

B	One	Other
E	One	Other
A	One	Other
D	One	Other
M	One	Other
U	One	Other
sgag	One	Other
0	One	Other
40°	One	Other

Finch says he might supply answers later.

RIPTON POLICE BLOTTER

One AM August 23
Upon receiving gambling in progress call officers LuBue and Kulokowski arrived at said premises (Treman House) to find utter chaos. While a crowd of female persons tried to levitate one John Gillespie, a T. O'Brien was yelling "I won't bet! You took my last quarter!" Cards confiscated. Arrested; George Murphy and his notorious shill, S. Elkin.

PERSONALS N.N. That wasn't the tennis sign up sheet, it was the herpes sign up sheet. O.P. J.C. After the cops left I was pretty excited. Let's try demolition derby next. M.M.

GENRE OF THE DAY
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING...
FROM...."WHO KILLED FRANCIS BACON."

In the raging storm that night, Bacon spurred his horse forward. He gripped the manila folder in one hand. He was taking his unpublished plays to the Times. Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet were in the folder, so was Twelfth Night. The other work was in the locker at the Boar's Parts Tavern. "Someone is trying to kill me," he had told his friend, William Shakespeare, and Shakespeare had suggested tonight's route after a string of strange accidents; the moose head which had fallen on Bacon at Lady Bxswell's, the six men whose guns accidentally discharged in his bedroom and the acid soaked French tickler last night. Ahead, a figure on horseback awaited him at the rain drenched crossroads. It was Shakespeare, grinning. "You shouldn't be out here alone," he said. "I'll ride with you."

REMINDER. Workshop materials may be picked up near the office the night before. Please take only materials for those workshops you will attend.

WORD PROCESSOR JOKES FOR THE WEALTHY
There was this floppy disc, see? An 8 1/2 incher who couldn't fit into a Bainbridge disk drive, so he went to Wang to have his files re-sectored for electromodem entry. Not thinking about the need for an initialized "slave diskette," he left, sure that his QE9 would fit a dual drive system. So he finally gets on line and, get this, IT TURNS OUT TO BE AN I/O ERROR!!!!

READING. By Administrative Staff.
"Fantastic..." says Chicago Tribune.
"I was awed..." John Leonard, NY Times.
You can hear it too. Tonight, immediately after the reading. Barn Classroom #2.

AGENT LOOSE. Molly Freidricks, an agent with the Aaron Priest Literary Agency, will be in the Blue Parlor at 5:00 to talk about agenting and answer questions. She's seeking new talent.

TONIGHT'S GUEST LECHER, George Murphy, will be at Treman, the Barn, and in the bushes by the tennis courts.

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 9

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Wed. , Aug. 25, '82

All the crews choose gnus in pews

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Workshops: H. Nemerov H. Wollitzer		Barn 1 Barn 2
10:40	Workshops: J. Charyn R. Pack		Barn 1 Barn 2
2:00	Panel Discussion: literary magazines	S. Dunn, editor and publisher of AGNI Review; R. Gibbons, editor of TriQuarterly; S. Lea, editor of New England Review and G. Murphy, editor of Tendril and Wampeter Press	L. Theater
3:10	Guest Lecture	Joyce Johnson, editor at Dial Press and J. Warth, editor at Johns Hopkins	
4:30	Readings: <u>From Gravity</u> <u>From A Mirror Driven Through Nature.</u> <u>From Accidental Weather</u>	C. Petroski W. Zaranka	L. Theater
8:15	Reading: <u>From The Book of Gish</u>	S. Santos J. Gardner	L. Theater

SAMPLER

"Or take armaments. The avowed purpose of armaments is always to bring security and power." He almost flipped this card too, then changed his mind. "Tsar Nicholas the Second of Russia in his proposal for the first Hague Conference in 1899 spotted the fatal flaw in equating arms and safety: 'In proportion as the armaments of each power increase, so do they less and less fulfill the objects which the Governments have set before themselves... It appears evident that if this state of things were prolonged, it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is designed to avert, and the horrors of which make every thinking man shudder in advance.' Think about that," Mickelsson said, looking up, "in relation to our present situation - sixteen tons of T.N.T. - atomic equivalent - for every man, woman and child in the world!" For reasons not instantly clear to him, tears sprang to his eyes. "Think about it," he said, catching himself, forcing himself to smile. "If we were true philosophers, we might well be terrorists, trying to bring down the nukes."

From Mickelsson's Ghosts
John Gardner

OVERHEARD in the fields. "Do you mind if I take my pants off?"

AT LAST! READINGS AT BREAD LOAF! Scholars will be reading Wed. and Thurs. nights, 9:30 pm in the Little Theater, following the evening readings by John Gardner and Marvin Bell.

OVERHEARD out a window. "Say yes or no!"

WHAT? Another Booze Run? Order at 1:30 in the Blue Parlor. Pick up liquor at BYOB Party, at Larch Well, 5:00. Mixers, ice supplied.

CRUMB QUERY. Who is the man following Ron Powers with an electric fan and an ice tong, muttering, "Food stamps. Food stamps."

TIM O'BRIEN ANNOUNCES FORMATION OF VFW club at Bread Loaf. Parade and bake sale tomorrow.

INDUSTRIALISTS! RENT SPACE IN THE CRUMB! 90% of all Fortune 500 executives regularly read the Crumb. If you have a factory to sell, if you want to open markets on seven continents, advertise in the Crumb.

ROBERT FINCH refused to supply answers to yesterday's word puzzle game, but after a high speed police chase, apprehension and a little persuasion, he came clean. The answers are: scrambled eggs, 40 degrees below zero, the Bermuda triangle and 1 of one, half a dozen of the other. By popular demand, here are more.
ankoolger x co

dump dump
dump dump
dump dump
dump goose dump
feathers

WORD PROCESSOR JOKES FOR THE WEALTHY
This poet gets an MX80/FT inter and decides to channel his put through a predetermined value-added...you know, arbitrary line breaks. But he forgets to title his disk so there's no REM indicators when he boots it into a GOSUB routine which, get this, does a PEEK back

to the nonexistent REM. So, he gets on line and, in a nanosecond, he loses everything he's ever written into a slot five. Brokenhearted, he calls his wife who (what a card!) says, "Honey, I've always told you - the trouble isn't with diagnostics, it's with your hardware."

GENRE OF THE DAY: POLITICAL HAIKU

My eyes on kneecaps
Chickens singing in the storm
snow, as itself, falls

Did she take it back?
There is also a midget
Mourning in the trees
Today the latrine
broken vents, so typewritten
Here, where nothing is

OVERHEARD about Mark Strand. "He's very palatable as a man."

PLANNING on leaving the Conference early? Please notify the office so we can tie you up and prevent it.

TELEVISION TONIGHT...NBC announces cast changes in the fall line up.
For M.A.S.H.
The Colonel....Howard Nemerov
Hawkeye Pierce...William Matthews
Trapper John...Tim O'Brien
Frank Burns...Gene Lyons
Hot Lips Hoolihan...Lizzie Mansfield
Radar.....Blue Argo
Father Mulcahy...Page Edwards

PERSONALS: H.F. I can't change by myself. You've got to help me. D.P.
R.H. You're a fascist. B.R.
SWM seeks SFTPBM for good time. Send photo or artist's conception to the CRUMB.

NEITHER rain nor sleet nor hail will enable packages to be accepted for mailing after 3:00 Fri. And no letters will be mailed after noon, Sat.

BREAD LOAF welcomes Biographer Justin Kaplan, and novelist Ann Bernays.

CONFIDENTIAL note to person who left perversion entry #31. Vermont law is quite clear on this subject. Leave the basket alone.

THE

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 10

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Thur, Aug. 26, 1982

All the gnus choose loos with views.....

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	WORKSHOPS:	R. Powers G. Godwin	Barn 1 Barn 2
10:40	WORKSHOPS:	M. Strand T. O'Brien	Barn 1 Barn 2
2:00	WORKSHOPS:	W. Matthews S. Elkin	Barn 1 Barn 2
3:45	READINGS: from "Beating Ol' Sol;" From Designing Women	R. Houston	Little Theater
	"Beside Herself"	P. Hadas	Little Theater
8:15	READING: From <u>These Green-Going-To Yellow and Stars Which See, Stars Which Do Not See.</u>	M. Bell	Little Theater

SAMPLER

To Dorothy

You are not beautiful, exactly.
You are beautiful, inexactly.
You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.
So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:
"Things that are lost are all equal."
But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

Marvin Bell

STARS WHICH SEE, STARS WHICH DO
NOT SEE

OVERHEARD in the Barn. "I was going to call my next book Overheard. Now what?"

OVERHEARD in dining room. "I forgive God for everything but death and James Dickey."

JUVENILE BOOKS DEPARTMENT

TITLE: A DOG CALLED MORAL FICTION

...When the shepherd burst into the dining room, the adults were grouped around the table. "What is it, Moral Fiction?" asked Grady. "I think he's trying to tell us something. Did Tim-my fall into the well again?" Resolutely, the dog shook his head. "Did old man Chadborne get hurt? Did rustlers get Flicka?" The dog climbed slowly onto the couch, lay down and rolled its eyes. "Could it be then," said Grady, warming now and leaning forward, "that you're trying to tell us man is at best an existential dilemma, impermanent and insignificant except as spiritual vessel?" The dog's ears lifted. A growl of approval emanated from the couch.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE...Crazy Eddie says "It's fan-tastic!" 20% off all books in the bookstore, on Thurs., Fri. and Sat. 20% off. It's IN-sane.

GO ON, get out of here. The front desk will be arranging a Bread Loaf taxi to the bus and commercial taxi rides to planes for groups of people. For this reason, as soon as you know when you're leaving, please notify the desk in writing, of your flight reservations and bus departure times. That way you can leave like vegetables. In bunches.

INFORMAL talk on writing for young adults, and children, 5 pm, Blue Parlor.

PAUL MARIANI, that great poet, bon vivant, raconteur, biographer of William Carlos Williams, and star of Bob Reiss's World War II novel, will be a guest at Bread Loaf starting today.

CRUMB CONDENSED CLASSICS... If you don't have time to read all the books you want, keep up with the best sellers. Subscribe to Crumb Condensed Classics. Today, two whittled down samplers which pack all the love, pathos and action as the originals.

HEARTS...by Hilma Wolitzer

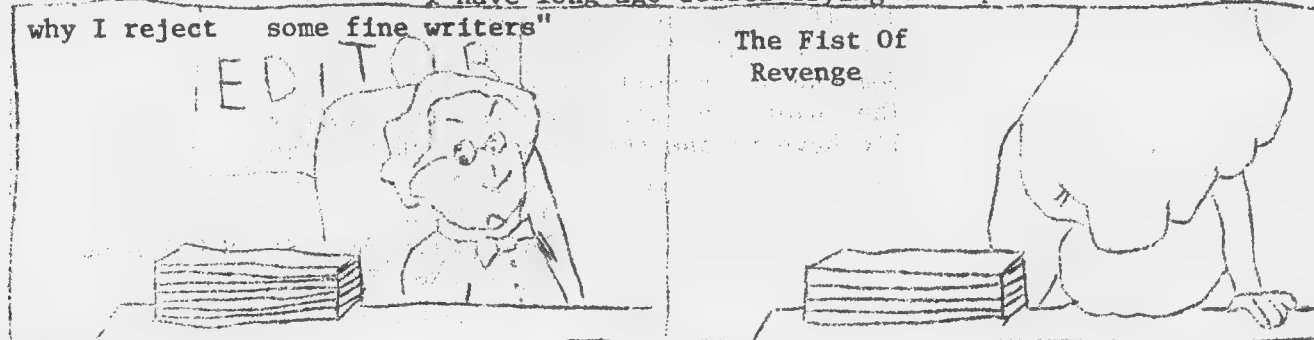
In the idealized version of mapmakers, New Jersey is tinted a delicate pink that has nothing to do with the industrial darkness of its larger cities. When he became noisy and abusive and shouted that he didn't have to crawl for pussy, Simonetti, convinced that he was not a likely prospect for even the one month trial offer, threw him out. She wanted to concentrate, to make plans. "What was that, a gun?" Robin asked... she believed she was dancing.

GOING AFTER CACCIATO...By Tim O'Brien
It was a bad time. Green M&M's. "LOOK OUT THERE'S A HOLE IN THE ROAD," read the map. "Bushed," Oscar kept saying, the Impala skidding sideways into the rotary. There was the heavy sound of something being dropped. Miserable odds. "Yes," the lieutenant said. "Maybe so."

CONTEST...Design your own rejection slip. Winning rejection slip to be accepted.

OVERHEARD at the salad bar. "The dressing is always greener on the other side."

CRUMB COMICS...Caption..."I have long ago ceased trying to explain even to myself why I reject some fine writers"





Vol. 57, No. 11

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Fri., Aug. 27, '82

Few Gnus lose when choosing stew.

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Workshops: R. Pack		Barn 1
	H. Wolitzer		Barn 2
10:40	Workshops: L. Pastan		Barn 1
	S. Elkin		Barn 2
2:00	Workshops: H. Nemerov		Barn 1
	R. Powers		Barn 2
3:45	Readings: From "The Times Between"	W. Prunty	Little Theater
	From Fiction story	D. Benedict	Little Theater
	From "From This Distance"	S. Snively	Little Theater
8:15	Reading: From <u>The Nuclear Age</u>	T. O'Brien	Little Theater

SAMPLER

It was a bad time. Billy Boy Watkins was dead, and so was Frenchie Tucker. Billy Boy had died of fright, scared to death on the field of battle, and Frenchie Tucker had been shot through the nose. Bernie Lynn and Lieutenant Sidney Martin had died in tunnels. Pederson was dead and Rudy Chassler was dead. Buff was dead. Ready Mix was dead. They were all among the dead. The rain fed fungus that grew in the men's boots and socks, and their socks rotted, and their feet turned white and soft so that the skin could be scraped off with a fingernail, and Stink Harris woke up screaming one night with a leech on his tongue. When it was not raining, a low mist moved across the paddies, blending the elements into a single gray element, and the war was cold and pasty and rotten. Lieutenant Corson, who came to replace Lieutenant Sidney Martin, contracted the dysentery. The trip-flares were useless. The ammunition corroded and the foxholes filled with mud and water during the nights, and in the mornings there was always the next village and the war was always the same. The monsoons were part of the war. In early September Vaught caught an infection. He'd been showing Oscar Johnson the sharp edge on his bayonet, drawing it swiftly along his forearm to peel off a layer of mushy skin.

Tim O'Brien
Going After Cacciato

OVERHEARD DURING WIND STORM Wednesday
Gee, it's really crazy out there. I
think Toto and Auntie Em just went by.

INSOMNIA CLINIC... Having trouble sleep-
ing at Bread Loaf? Excitement got you
up? Greg Barron will be conducting
sleep clinics for the rest of the session.
Barron can help you fall asleep anytime
and anyplace. "If it doesn't work," he
says, "I'll givezzzzzzzzzz"

LIBRARY books are fun to read
At home and in the bed
If you don't get them back by Friday,
though
And Joanna finds you, you're dead.

OVERHEARD in the barn..."All creative
urges and sex urges are closely re-
lated." "Then there's not much to be
said for sublimation, is there?"

ANSWERS to Tuesday's word game were not
printed yesterday because Robert Finch
fled with the answers again, this time
crossing state lines. After a tri state
manhunt he was apprehended. Answers
are down in the dumps, times square, look
back in anger and Crumb typo.

DR. TREMAN'S DIET BOOK

Breakfast... 1 1/2 ounce bourbon, one
teaspoon sugar, a dash of bitters and
1 1/2 ounce ginger ale. Plus melba
toast. Lunch... 1 1/2 ounce vodka, 6
ounces tomato juice, dash lemon juice,
teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and lime.
Dinner... 1 1/2 ounce brandy, 1 ounce
white wine. And lettuce.

CONFIDENTIAL note to perversion entries
31 and 36. The Crumb box is not to be
used to pass messages back and forth.

OVERHEARD by the rock wall. "There's an
awful lot of left sided brain activity
up here."

OVERHEARD in the barn.. "And what kind
of job do you do?" "I'm a professional
sycophant. And you?"

STARTING MONDAY IN THE CRUMB
The real story of Bread Loaf

OVERHEARD IN Inn...Staff Associate to
Contributor just before manuscript
Conference. "As Gary Gilmore said, let's
do it."

POETS have deluged the Crumb with protests
since Crumb condensed classics were re-
leased yesterday. "How come we don't get
condensed too?," said one milder letter.
Okay, for poetry lovers.
CRUMB CONDENSED POEMS.

IN CELEBRATION

by Mark Strand
You sit in a chair. You turn to the
nightshade spreading

Hippolyte At Breakfast

by Linda Pastan

She has forgotten
They rise
And he scurries off,

CAUGHT a cold? Drink plenty of fluids.
There will be a cocktail party on the
Tremen lawn immediately following the
3:45 readings. It's not BYOB and it's
not casual. Call rent-a-tux now.

MORE FALL TV CAST CHANGES... from NBC

by Ron Hansen	LOU GRANT
Mrs. Pynchon	Linda Pastan
Lou Grant	Bob Pack
Denovan	Mark Strand
Rossi	Bob Reiss
Billie	Carolyn Forché
Animal	Sydney Lea

OVERHEARD from Howard Nemerov... "I
keep walking around saying things and
hoping someone will overhear me."

PERSONALS: G.M. Beware the police
truncheon. Anyone touching that girl
answers to me. B.E. Whenever, Will the
masked poet who penetrated my mailbox
please identify himself to me? S.T.
J.C. MTTTTTMOOOOOOON W.W. K.S. What
did you think was going to happen? I
warned you I have a think about choc-
olate pudding. O.P.

OVERHEARD at lunch. "Lunch is so ex-
citing I get indigestion."

MISSION POSSIBLE.. Your assignment, Mr.
Phelps, and you better accept it, is to
leave tips for the maids. Put tips in
envelope and leave it at the front desk.
Mark building and floor on the envelope.
Waiters tips in the box. Generosity
is a virtue.

IF YOU filled out a lecture request form
but didn't pay yet, please come by the
office.

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 12

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sat., Aug. 28, '82

Blue gnus with shoes in pews eat stews

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	Workshops:	J. Charyn	Barn 1
		M. Bell	Barn 2
10:40	Workshops:	J. Gardner	Barn 1
		W. Matthews	Barn 2
8:15	Reading: <u>From PM/AM New and Selected Poems</u>	L. Pastan	Little Theater

SAMPLER

SONG

I am sick of the song
of the self,
that old melody
for one voice
running up and down
and up the scale
like a mouse maddened
by its own elusive
tail. I have heard that voice
shatter glass.

Nor do I ask
for martial music,
trumpets or drums
or the thoroughbass
of marching feet.
I long, instead, for bells
or for a simple trio: one bird
in the sycamore singing,
two birds in the oak
singing back.

Linda Pastan
Waiting for My Life

ONE day left to get in your entries for the John Irving Vanity Fair look alike contest. Air Brush artist will be available in the Blue Room, 6:00 today.

GANG RUB reported to Ripton police Thursday night. POLICE BLOTTER READS: "Upon arriving at said barn, officers LuBue and Kulakowski observed T. O'Brien wandering, dazed, around a piano, muttering "More fingers, more." His sweater was ripped, fingerprint analysis revealed an assault by at least a dozen female persons. O'Brien said, "All I saw was hands, lots of hands."

GREAT CRUMB HEADLINES from the past.
AUGUST 1914
ROBERT FROST MARCHES INTO BELGIUM

OUT! OUT OF ZE BARRACKS! Rooms must be vacated on Sunday by 11AM at the latest. The Society of Turkish Dentists will be arriving at 2 to take up residence.

AS PREPARATION for re-entry into the outside world, THE CRUMB wire services offer some headlines which ran over the past two weeks.
"HERPES CURED TWO WEEKS AGO."
"PLO COMING TO VERMONT"
"INEXPLAINABLE RUSH ON BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE"

TEDDY Gardner will read from his collection, Under Milkbone at the Blue Spruce near the Little Theater tomorrow at 5:30.

FIRST INSOMNIA clinic big success. Maids find bodies draped all over Treman house Friday morning. "That's disgusting," say maids. Says clinic operator Greg Barron. "It succeeded beyond my wildestzzzzzzzz."

LIBERACE AWARD with great Crumb thanks to Dave Bain for all that jazz.

CRUMB CONDENSED CLASSICS...TOOT-TOOT-TOOTSIE GOOD BYE...by R. Powers.
"Come on Turtle, I'm gonna show you how to talk into the microphone." "Here's Beasley's first pitch to Scott..an astronomer at Trinity University has said earth is the only planet in the Universe with intelligent life. How about that, Turtle." "Toot-toot-tootsie, good bye."

I SAID CHANGE PARTNERS!!! Big barn dance following Linda Pastan's reading tonight. Punk, slow, rock.....a touching extravaganza.

PERSONALS: C.J. The raft is ready, all I need is you. Come away. B.E. B.R. Doing the pineapples, that was really something. B.A. P.E. Forgive me Father for I have sinned. B.L., K.P., E.W. J.C. Out of the night when the moon was bright did you have to sleep and snorro? G.G.

CAROLYN FORCHE moves her famous table top dining room dance to the Barn tonight. Be there!

RIPTON school board refuses to allow release of winner of perversion contest. Vermont Supreme Court to hear case. Verdict expected by reunion time.

MORE FALL TV CAST CHANGES

STAR TREK	
Captain Kirk	Ron Powers
Spock	David Hadas
Scottie	George Murphy
Bones	Paul Mariani
Checkov	Page Edwards
Yeoman	Lizzie Mansfield

"All science fiction boils down to two plots. Either we go there or they come here." -Stanley Elkin

QUOTE:"From the moment I picked up your book until I laid it down, I was convulsed with laughter. Some day I intend to read it."

-Groucho Marx on .J. Perelman

OVERHEARD in dining room. "Just the strain of having to be nice to everybody makes me want to hit someone."

AN EXCESS of pressure at Bread Loaf gave way suddenly at the cocktail party, blasting upwards the writers and guests. They all settled back in splendid array, thoughts and ideas, gently dangling participles.

CONFIDENTIAL NOTE to perversion entry #41. "But Ann Landers has never come to Bread Loaf."

THE

CRUMB

Vol. 57, No. 12

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Sun. Aug. 29, '82

All the News That's Fit To Print

SCHEDULE OF TODAY'S EVENTS

TIME	EVENT	SPEAKER	LOCATION
9:00	LECTURE..Vermont Speed Traps	Officer Lubue	Ripton
10:10	LECTURE..Aerodynamics for the Poet	Frank Borman	Burlington
11:20	LECTURE..Amtrak Writer	C. Jones	Boston
2:00	READING..From "Adirondack"	N. Turnpike	New York
3:10	READING..From "Traffic Jam"	H. Ford	Westchester
4:20	READING..From "Still Hitch-hiking in Vermont"	T. Thumb	Bread Loaf
8:15	READING..From "In The Clearing"	R. Frost	Little Theater

SAMPLER

To E.T.

I slumbered with your poems on my breast,
Spread open as I dropped them half-read through
Like dove wings on a figure on a tomb,
To see if in a dream they brought of you

I might not have the chance I missed in life
Through some delay, and call you to your face
First soldier, and then poet, and then both,
Who died a soldier-poet of your race.

I meant, you meant, that nothing should remain
Unsaid between us, brother, and this remained--
And one thing more that was not then to say:
The Victory for what it lost and gained.

You went to meet the shell's embrace of fire
On Vimy Ridge; and when you fell that day
The war seemed over more for you than me,
But now for me than you--the other way.

How over, though, for even me who knew
The foe thrust back unsafe beyond the Rhine,
If I was not to speak of it to you
And see you pleased once more with words of mine?

Robert Frost
In The Clearing

CRUMB FAIRY TALES
THE FROG PRINCE

Once upon a time there was a frog prince. He looked like a prince, but he croaked like a frog.

Everybody in the Kingdom was pretty upset over this state of affairs. The King and Queen blamed each other for the Prince's condition (and while it was true that the Queen's great grandfather, King Harold of Franconia, communicated all commands by tapdancing and farting, there was no recorded instance in the royal records of a croaking King), the nobles were afraid the Prince would marry their daughters, which would mean frog grandchildren. And the peasants were afraid because the rumor was when the old king died the official language of the kingdom would be changed to croaking.

All known cures were tried on the prince, vitamin C, Tetracyclin, therapy, but they did no good. Some wizards tried to change the Frog prince into a real prince. Others opted for a frog. Nobody cared which. It was the combination that bothered everyone. "At least he doesn't eat flies," said the Grand Vizier, and shortly thereafter lost his head. "Get him away from me," said the holy man.

As for the prince, nobody asked him what he thought of the situation. Then again, he couldn't have answered. Anyway, he was a moody boy, and spent hours alone in his castle garret, croaking at the stars. Then, from the swamps and marches surrounding the castle, would come the answering croaks of thousands of lady bullfrogs.

But all good things must come to an end, and one day so did the king. And while his demise was a cause for alarm in the little Kingdom, it was greeted with joy among the nearby rebel barbarians. The barbarians had wanted for years to sack the little kingdom, but had been afraid to do so while the King was alive. Now that the official language of the little kingdom was croaking, it looked like a pushover. The rebel barbarians planned a night attack.

Desperate, the citizenry of the little kingdom waited for the new king to rescind the croaking law. And although the prince/king wanted to do it, he couldn't say anything. Nobody could say anything. Everyone was walking around in a panic, croaking at each other.

That night the barbarian hordes slipped into the marshes bordering the little kingdom, spread out and began advancing. They were figuring the enemy army would be paralyzed without communications. Back in the castle, the king went up to his garret, looked at the moon, and began croaking at the stars.

What happened? The thousands of lady bullfrogs answered as they always did. The rebel barbarians, hearing the croaking, figured they were surrounded. They started hacking at anything moving, which was themselves. Half were killed immediately. Two dozen surrendered to a toad. The remaining troops were only too happy to give up when they got out of the swamp.

The King was a hero. The people rejoiced. Military historians and generals from underdeveloped countries visited the little kingdom to record and study the victory. The nobles pressed their daughters on the king, who married one and started a family. The peasants went into the swamps at night and caught frogs when they answered the king's croaking. They sold the frogs' legs to French restaurants and this was the beginning of the middle class. As for the King, he got so fed up with the situation he started eating flies. Some people never get anywhere.

THE END

Drive carefully, keep in touch, let us know when that novel is published. PS, check your rooms before you go

Carol & The Staff